

J. H. McKANNON.

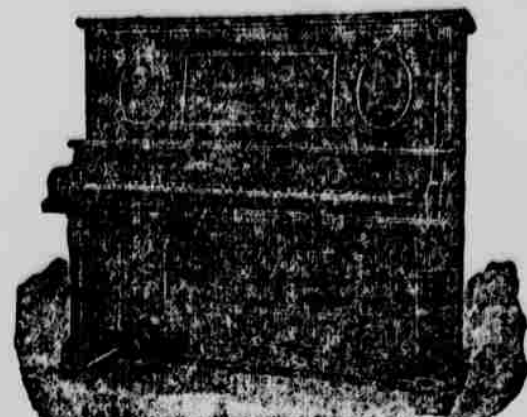
# McKANNON BROS. & COMPANY.

## PIANOS.

45 Church Street.

GEO. D. JARVIS.

Burlington, Vt.



# Our Christmas Sale of Pianos

is a revelation to the economical buyer. Never before were High Grade Pianos sold at such ridiculously low prices as we are making for this special sale.

## Chickering, Emerson, Wegman, Haines, Gramer.

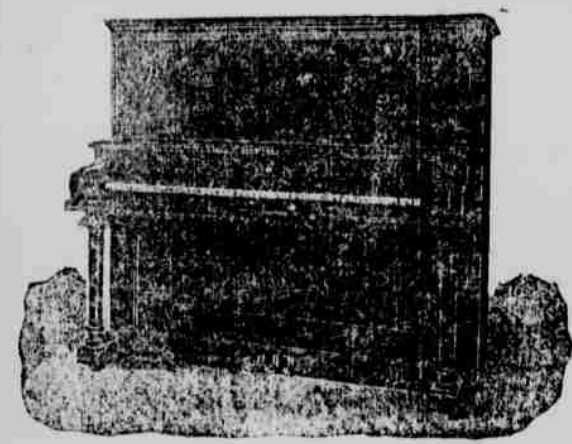
Pianos That You All Know About.

If you want a piano call or write for the prices. You won't be able to resist the temptation to purchase when you get them.

Easy Terms as Usual.

Catalogues and Prices Free.

Write or Call To-day,



### Just A Tip.

A beautiful New Upright Piano, stool and scarf only

**\$200.**

\$10.00 down,  
\$1.50 per week.

We are showing at the present time the largest stock of Pianos ever shown in this State, in all the various woods, at prices never heard of before. When you want anything in the music line call on us.

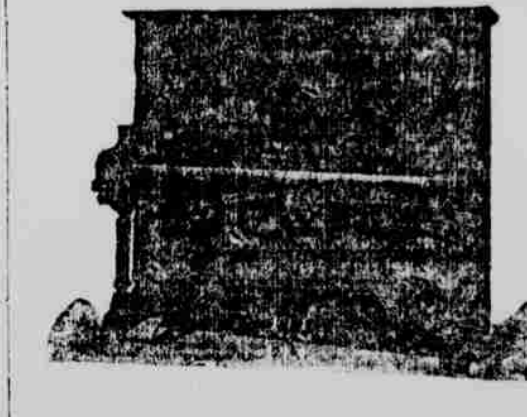
The Only First-class Music House in the State.

### Just a Reminder

That you can buy a Chickering at this sale for

**\$360.**

It's a cinch for you.



# THE LARGEST MUSIC HOUSE IN THE STATE.

## CRITICS AMUSE PRESIDENT

His Sense of Humor Enables Him to Be Patient in the Face of Censors' Suggestions.

Office-seeker Crop of Big Proportions— Idea that Mr. Roosevelt Intends to Turn Things Upside Down Brings Forth the Ambitious—The President to Consult Capable Advisers—New Faces in Congress.

President Roosevelt wears the same size hat he did before election. His chest measure is the same. This fact does not seem to be recognized by numerous individuals and newspapers who seem to assume that the overwhelming vote of last Tuesday has turned Mr. Roosevelt's head and that he needs advice, says the Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Press.

In addition to maintaining his equanimity and appreciating to the full the responsibility that is placed upon him, President Roosevelt has the good quality of humor. That quality has enabled him to preserve his equanimity and patience. He is quick to perceive the funny and the ridiculous and enjoys many a hearty laugh at the expense of the self-constituted regulators and censors of his administration.

To have an individual or a newspaper organ that would see its good in him before election and who assigned to him all the evil motives that portend iniquity could suggest now suddenly point out his faults and advise him to follow his good instincts, not independently of any influence or advice except their own, is extremely annoying to the sharp-witted President.

**ALL SORTS OF ADVICE OFFERED.**

It is only five days since the election, but in that time Mr. Roosevelt has received enough advice and had enough policies formulated for him to last through two or three administrations. He has been saved the trouble of naming a cabinet for his next term and as for his annual message, that has been outlined in so many different ways that he ought to have no difficulty in choosing the most effective. He has been told what to do in the prosecution of the beef trust and other corporations alleged to be violating the law; he has been informed wherein the law has been broken and wherein it is inadequate and what he must recommend to Congress to make the anti-trust statutes effective. His position on the tariff and currency questions has been defined for him and he has even been given the task of selecting the nominee of his party in 1908.

All this appeals to Mr. Roosevelt's sense of humor. He reads these suggestions and accepts them for exactly what they are worth. A member of Congress seeing his position on the tariff and other questions stated in a prominent journal the other day asked him if the article was authoritative.

"The notion that the 'Blank' is my personal organ is erroneous," replied the President. The humor of the remark was appreciated when it was recognized that the "Blank" had opposed Mr. Roosevelt's

election with all the strength of its editorial columns.

Another newspaper article in which he was represented as having ordered sensational and drastic investigations of certain officials and bureaus was called to his attention.

"If I gave any such orders I must have done so in my sleep," was his happy way of discrediting the story.

### A CROP OF OFFICE-SEEKERS.

The idea that the President is to reorganize his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and other branches of the public service has brought out the usual crop of candidates. Some of the ambitious ones throw precedents to the wind, and there have been instances where cabinet positions have actually been sought through the usual channels by which the most subordinate places are secured. One United States senator was importuned to present the name of a constituent as an applicant for a possible cabinet vacancy. The President at first laughed at the idea and then grew a little indignant as he said: "If I give such an application serious thought the American people would be justified in demanding that I be kept in a straight jacket for the rest of my natural life."

### WILL CONSULT CAPABLE ADVISERS

Mr. Roosevelt has not taken the public into his confidence regarding his annual message, and the possible recommendations document is to contain. He cannot say now whether he will have any recommendations to make to this Congress on the subject of tariff, currency or trust legislation. There is good reason to believe, however, that he will not accept the advice of the opposition or carry out their predictions that he will cut loose from the experienced and capable men in his own party whom he has heretofore consulted upon all important questions.

There is no likelihood that he is to set himself up as the party itself and undertake to make appointments, demand legislation and act in general as a dictator. There is every reason to believe, and there is his own authority for the statement, that he will pursue the same policy that he has hitherto followed with such success.

The humble congressman need not fear that President Roosevelt is going to select the postmasters in his district. The prudent senator need not fear infringement on his prerogative of suggesting the names of his constituents for important federal posts and he need have no fear that when he presents competent and high-grade men that President Roosevelt will refuse to recognize his recommendations. The greatest stickler for the rights of the legislative branch of the government need feel no alarm that President Roosevelt will attempt to dictate legislation. The statement that he proposes to get into a clash with the Senate immediately is ridiculous, as among his other distinguished qualities the President possesses a good supply of hard, common sense.

### COCKRELL'S RETIREMENT.

The political upheaval of last Tuesday will work changes in both Houses of Congress, but most notable in the Senate will be the retirement of Senator Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri. There is not a republican in Congress who does not regret that Mr. Cockrell's term expires on the third of next March. They are all rejoiced that Missouri has elected from its democratic moorings and elected a republican Legislature, but they would have been greatly pleased had the new Legislature been charged with the election of a successor to Mr. Cockrell's col-

league, popularly known as "Gum Shoe Bill" Stone. The fly in the ointment is the compulsory retirement of Mr. Cockrell and the retention of Stone as the democrat in the Senate.

Except on questions of distinct party policy, Senator Cockrell is as apt to vote on one side as on the other. His only question in regard to a measure is, "Is it right?" He is in accord with the administration on nearly all of the policies intended to advance the prosperity and reputation of the country. At the same time he is a strict adherent of democratic principles on economic subjects. He will be missed from the Senate chamber. For years his industry in examining every piece of legislation presented to the Senate has been relied upon by leaders on both sides of the chamber to prevent any unworthy bill reaching consideration. He seems a bill for the increase of a pension with as much care as one appropriating millions of money.

Senator Cockrell is one of the most simple-minded men in the Senate. In appearance he is the typical "Uncle Sam." Tall and gaunt, he wears the long chin whiskers of the national character. He has had a long service in the Senate, and when he leaves next March he will have completed thirty years in that body. Mr. Cockrell never held public office until he succeeded Carl Schurz and that place he attained because of his thorough loyalty to his friends and his great popularity. He had been a candidate for the nomination of governor of Missouri, and the contest was very close. He declared in his canvass that if defeated he would have been his higher and yell louder for its successful opponent than any other man in Missouri. When the convention was held and the ballot taken General Cockrell was defeated for the nomination by one-half of a vote. He sprang to the front of the platform and taking his old hat in his hand sent it whirling to the ceiling and emitted an old rebel yell that could have been heard two miles. He caught the crowd by his generous action and was immediately taken up as candidate for United States Senate, where he landed on the 4th of March, 1875.

### KEIFER TO RETURN TO CONGRESS.

While one unique character, Senator Cockrell, will leave Congress another will enter. J. Warren Keifer, Speaker of the House of Representatives some twenty-old years ago, and who has been in political retirement ever since, will come back to the House to represent the seventh Ohio district. He is bound to attract attention when he appears before the Speaker's desk to take the oath of office. Unless he abandons the custom of a lifetime he will appear there in a swallow-tail coat, as that is the style of garment he has always worn in public.

General Keifer, for he was a general in two wars, and a most gallant and efficient commander, was defeated for Congress by newspaper men. While Speaker of the House he took the control of the press gallery away from the standing committee of correspondents, and on important and interesting occasions would fill it with his particular friends, excluding the newspaper men completely from the proceedings of the House. The press committee, of which General Henry V. Boynton was chairman, took the matter in its own hands, locked the press gallery doors, and excluded those holding cards from the speaker. This brought on a clash, of course, and in the next Congress Keifer was rash enough to charge on the floor of the House that General Boynton was engaged in lobbying for a certain claim, and had attempted to bribe him.

General Boynton did not rest a moment under such an accusation, but secured a

resolution of censure, which was adopted over the protest of Keifer. A committee was appointed and Keifer invited to sustain his charges, which he was unable to do. General Keifer was completely exonerated, and for having made unfounded and unsupported charges the newspapers turned on General Keifer and kept him out of public life for twenty years.

### WILD BOARS IN AMERICA.

We usually think of wild boars in connection with the East Indian sport of "pig-sticking," in which the hunters ride after the wild pigs on horseback, and kill them by driving a spear down between the shoulder blades; or in connection with the German boar hunts, in which even the Emperor William is fond of taking part, and in which the boars are hunted with dogs bred for the purpose. Some years ago, however, the late Mr. Austin Corbin imported from Germany a number of young wild pigs, and liberated them in the Blue Mountain forest, his great game preserve near Newport, New Hampshire. The conditions proved favorable to their increase, and now there are hundreds of these interesting creatures living in the dense woods of this great enclosure. Sometimes in the very early morning I see a boar running across the open ground in front of my house, on his way back to the woodland, but it is a rare sight, for of all the animals herabouts the boars are the wildest. At night only do they make a practice of leaving the cover of the trees; they have learned that in darkness there is absolute safety, while in the daylight stalk death and destruction. Since the first of September, many hunters have come here with the hope of carrying home a fine boar's head, and skilled guides have used all their ingenuity to bring about the desired end, but not a single large boar has been bagged this season. Some sows and a few medium-sized boars have been shot, but the few fellows are all here yet.

Signs of boars are to be seen often enough, however, and one cannot walk for half an hour in the Blue Mountain forest without seeing them. The commonest evidence of the presence of these creatures is seen in the ranches of ground where the boars have uprooted the turf while seeking for their food of roots. In many cases these places look as though they had been ploughed, and when one takes note of the stones and even small bushes which have been displaced, one wonders what sort of material the snouts of wild boars are made of. Then their tracks are to be seen everywhere where the ground is soft. They look somewhat like the tracks of deer, but are not so sharp in front, and the marks of the dew claws are not wider apart than those of a deer. Other evidence of their presence is found in the woods, where they make for themselves nests of evergreen branches. Not only may we find the stumps of the branches which have been broken off, but the nests themselves, usually in a closely-green thicket of evergreens, or under the low-sweeping branches of a spruce or pine.

One cold evening a week or two ago I had the pleasure of watching a number of wild boars making their winter nests. It was just about sundown, and I was walking along the western slope of Crocydon Mountain, not far from the summit, when I heard the grunt of a boar. It was not a

grunt of alarm, but was rather of a conversational nature, and as the wind was blowing toward me from the direction of the sound, I approached to see what was going on. Crawling into a shadow of a fallen tree, I looked over the trunk into a little clearing and there I saw about twenty wild boars of different sizes busy gathering material for their nests. Some were young—more than two or three years old—but others were big gray monsters, with long white tusks with which they might easily have ripped a horse, not to mention a man, from end to end. I saw one huge pig, whether a boar or a sow I could not determine, force its way in among the low branches of a spruce tree. She then seized one of the branches close to the trunk, twisted it off with her teeth, and retired into the undergrowth to place it on an already large heap of boughs. Presently one of the little pigs, which had just broken off the top of a small spruce sapling, came trotting in my direction. He passed quite close to where I stood, but failed to notice my presence until he had gone round behind me. Then, as he caught my wind, he stopped as if he had been shot. "Whoof!" said he, as though the odor of man was the vilest on earth to him, and then with a low, rolling grunt he warned all the other boars of the hateful presence. They took the hint and were tearing away through the bushes, even before the youngster who gave the warning had started back over his own trail.

This is one of the peculiarities of the boar as I have seen him; his eyes tell him comparatively little and he will go along with his business with an enemy in full sight as long as he receives no warning through his nose; but let the wind change but for a single instant, and that same boar will grunt and run as though the devil is at his heels. Not that these wild pigs are unable to fight or that they are cowardly; a boar wounded or cornered is a deadly antagonist, and a sow, when she has a litter of pigs, will fight with her last breath in their defence, and could surely tear an unarmed man to pieces with her teeth. I once saw an old hunter who was dressing a deer at nightfall drop his knife and seize his rifle in a hurry, when an old sow uttered a menacing growl just inside a belt of trees near by. This same man was charged by a wild sow on one occasion and shot her dead almost at his feet.

The boars here live chiefly on vegetable food eating berries, roots, grass, nuts and apples. But when the ground is frozen and they are hungry they will eat almost anything and devour practically all the offal of the hundreds of deer which are shot every year in the reservation. But in addition to all this, they require a great deal of food during the winter months, and every other day men are sent out to them with corn. Most of the sows have their young ones in the spring, and the little pigs follow their mother until the winter.

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES.

## HER FIRST WEDDING TOUR.

(By Webster Moore.)

A white, vine clad hotel, silhouetted against the crimson of sunset, a hundred wooded islands, dotting the placid water of a mighty river, seems an ideal lovers' paradise. To complete the picture, we have an affectionate couple, stammering among winding paths.

The air of tentative independence of all things temporal, together with the newness of their garments, betokened recent union. The groom indulged in many platitudes, while the bride listened attentively, with a sparkle in her eyes which may have betokened admiration or may—but who can attempt toathom the meaning of a woman's look.

As they were returning toward the hotel to prevail everywhere. A man appeared from the group walking straight towards them.

"Why Cedric?" he exclaimed. "I am glad to see you," shaking hands with him at the same time. "Why Miss—"

"This is Mrs. Langley, my wife," Mr. James said Mr. Langley.

"I am charmed to meet you, Mrs. Langley," with a most gracious bow.

"How does it happen that you are spending your vacation up here?" inquired Cedric.

"Mother has always desired to visit the Thousand Islands; this year she took the opportunity."

After the formality of introduction, they proceeded to partake of supper on the porch. The conversation turned to various topics. They discussed mutual friends with the generous license which absence imparts. George and Mrs. Langley became the best of friends immediately. Indeed, Cedric was pleased to observe that his wife raised no barrier of formality between herself and his old friend. George was a man of letters, a writer, and his conversation, pointed by gestures of the hand and meaning looks were directed exclusively to the fair one, seemingly escaped Cedric. Suddenly Cedric's wife gave a little gasp, then sat stiffly upright. "What is it?" inquired Cedric, quickly. In reply she held up her left hand, the engagement ring was missing.

"Oh, Cedric, I've lost it. We must go look right away; I'm sure I lost it by the river."

"Dearest, you must not go. I would not have you risk catching cold; the air by the river is awfully damp. And he started down the steps, leaving them in the solitude of the porch, for solitude it was, since the guests had retired for the night.

"Helen! why did you marry him? Why did you leave the stage?"

"Oh Helen! do you love him—love him better than me? I know he has a fortune and can give you every pleasure. He but stop to consider, what it means to me!"

He sank back into his chair, as if completely overcome. Leaving forward Helen whispered in his ear, whatever she the wind until he found a landing place.

Bentley says he will make another flight to-morrow.

portion. He wore a grey moustache and a polished imperial. Added to him the form that appeared so commonly known as a "republican" of his father's generation. He became a man immediately upon his arrival, and appeared as if he were an introduction, but no further. He always served with silence, self-controlled members of society. Mrs. Langley also became an object of interest, standing by a reflected light, for she was wearing a highly proper, dignified and well-fitted dress with the colour.

One night as a response, the colour of a pluper, to endure the result of such a natural connection.

It happened this way. They were enjoying a pleasant evening on the river. The colored bedding near the pillow on which Mrs. Langley was seated, glared ardently upon her as if the moment had arrived when nothing could intervene between their two hearts. She, too, gazed with similar passion upon him, and her eyes were soft and pure, there emanated a flame whose rays first kindled, and then seemed to inflame the heart of the colored. Suddenly Mrs. Langley had been mechanically playing with one of her rings, gave vent to an exclamation.

"Oh Colonel, I have just lost my engagement ring in the water." The colored with a few clever passes before his face, made such an amazing alteration, that Mrs. Langley gave a cry of terror, and buried her face in her hands.

"So you really have lost it this time."

(Copyrighted 1904 by the Story Syndicate Co.)

Another Airship.

Thomas Benbow Makes Successful Ascent at World's Fair.

St. Louis, Nov. 22.—After remaining in the air for 45 minutes, only for a brief period of which it was propelled by its own power, the Montana Meteor, the airship designed and constructed by Thomas Benbow of Columbus, Mont., was brought safely to the ground in an open field three miles southeast of the world's fair Aerodrome.

The airship was navigated by the inventor, who stated after the flight that he considered it successful in the light of an accident that happened to his machinery. A leak in the gasoline tank allowed all the fluid to escape and rendered his motor useless shortly after he had started the flight.

Benbow was also handicapped by having too much gas in his balloon and it was necessary for him to allow some of the hydrogen to escape during the flight. For this reason he did not start the motor until he had drifted with the wind for nearly a mile.

During the brief time that the motor was working the airship made headway against the wind, and answered its rider perfectly. Shortly after Benbow started his motor, he found that the gasoline had become exhausted and allowed the motor to drift with the wind until he found a landing place.

Benbow says he will make another flight to-morrow.

Our
Advertisements are among the leading merchandise of the town and state.
Ads.
Inserted day after day, show to the most careful observer what they
Pay.

Postal Scales  
The Free Press Association.